

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL XXVIII.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914

NO

WOODSTOCK CASE RENEWS OLD SCRAP

Wet and Dry Forces Each Strive for Upper Hand in Cowlin Case

OLSON MAY DESERT DRY

Olson Secures Pardon for Cowlin in Spite of Heavy Protests from the Opposing Faction

The wet and dry issues in the city of Woodstock has by no means died out although the drys won the day in the election last spring, and the matter now promises to go into the state legislature and help to determine who will be the next speaker of house.

The case which at the present time is stirring up things in general in that vicinity is that of A. Cowlin who before the recent election was a saloon keeper in Woodstock. After that town voted to go dry he opened up a soft drink parlor, then one day a salesman came along and sold him a drink called Tonic. Soon all of the old drinkers of Woodstock were talking about Tonic.

The church people of Woodstock heard about Tonic. They informed the McHenry County Law and Order League. The league sent two boys named Armstrong into Cowlin's place to buy Tonic. The bottles of beverage were sent to a Chicago laboratory and were found to be beer.

State's Attorney Joslyn, friend of former Speaker Shurtleff, surprised everybody with the energy with which he took up the prosecution. The former saloonkeeper was tried before a jury for selling beer on July 9, Aug. 26, and Aug. 31. Mr. Shurtleff, having emerged from a campaign in which he favored county option, appeared as chief prosecutor.

The jury found Cowlin guilty of breaking the law and County Judge Smiley fined him \$700 and sentenced him to jail for thirty days.

In spite of all efforts to save him Cowlin went to jail. Then his friends appealed to the state board of pardons. Mr. Shurtleff registered a vigorous protest against freeing Cowlin. County Judge Smiley and Mr. Joslyn as well as the McHenry County Law and Order league also protested.

Then this political question arose in view of Mr. Shurtleff's pronounced stand in this case, will he get enough "wet" in the legislature to line up with the "drys" to elect him speaker?

Interest in the Cowlin case ran high and the Olson faction was highly elated Wednesday afternoon when word was received that Governor Dunne had granted Olson's request for a pardon for Adriel E. Cowlin.

In connection with this case Olson comes out flat footed with the following announcement that in the past he had been a "dry", that he had voted for the Search and Seizure law, and that he had hoped to remain "dry" but that by reason of the cruel and inhuman punishment inflicted by the McHenry County court in this case, he is going back over his legislative record and see what "dry" measures he had voted for, and then make up his mind whether or not he was not wrong in voting for such measures and in associating with people who would inflict such cruel and inhuman punishment on saloonkeepers.

Name in Trunk.

It is a good plan when traveling to have one's name and address printed or written on the inside cover of a trunk. Then in case of loss of check, or any mistake, it can be identified by the owner to the satisfaction of the railway officials by simply opening are trunk.—Good Housekeeping.

When It Is Darkest.

By his own observations on thousands of nights W. F. Denning, the English scientist, has proved that we are scientifically correct when we say that it is "always darkest just before dawn." He has found that before dawn a great darkness invariably seems to drop down like a mantle upon the immediate surroundings. Objects which were plainly observable during the previous hours of the night are blotted out, and a nervous feeling is sometimes induced by the dense opacity of the air.

CATTLE SALE IS STOPPED BY SHERIFF

Acting upon telephoned instructions from Dr. Dyson, head state veterinarian, Sheriff Griffin last Saturday went to the Charles Enault farm at Wauconda and prevented an auction sale of cattle, horses, etc., that had been scheduled. The sale was just about to start when the sheriff arrived. The fear that the sale of the cattle might have the effect of spreading the foot and mouth disease was what actuated the state veterinarian in ordering the sale called off.

So far as known there have been no cases of the cattle disease in Wauconda—at least no cattle there have been shot for that reason. The nearest the disease has come to Wauconda is between Palatine and Barrington, a distance of about five miles.

In his talk with the sheriff Dr. Dyson declared that all of Lake county is still under quarantine for the foot and mouth disease and that no one has the right to hold a sale of cattle either public or private.

Mr. Enault had advertised the sale quite extensively and there were a number of buyers on hand when the hour for the sale arrived. Mr. Enault declared that in view of the fact there has been none of the cattle disease in or immediately near Wauconda he thought the drastic order of the state veterinarian was a severe hardship. He even expressed the opinion, it is said, that the state officer was drawing the lines too closely.

Mr. Enault has not sufficient feed on hand to feed all the cattle he had intended to sell, so it will be necessary for him to secure a new supply.

Those who know most about the foot and mouth disease think that perhaps the state veterinarian was right after all in desiring to take no chances of a possible spreading of the disease.

LODGES ELECT OFFICERS

At the last regular meeting of the Masons the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

Elmer Brook—W. M.
Geo. Landgraft—P. M.
P. G. Hawkins—J. W.
E. L. Simons—Treasurer.
F. Huber—Secretary.
S. LaPlant—S. D.
F. Palmer—J. D.
F. Kaye—Tyler.

At their regular meeting last Thursday evening the Eastern Star elected officers for the ensuing year:

Worthy Matron—Lena Kuhaupt.
Worthy Patron—Elmer Brook.
Associate Matron—Elizabeth Webb.
Secretary—Mary Watson.
Treasurer—Mabel Grimm.
Conductress—Gertrude Brook.
Associate Conductress—Julia Rosenfeldt.

The recent election of Olson camp R. N. A., resulted as follows:

Oracle—Hattie Brogan.
Vice Oracle—Mary Van Patten.
Recorder—Erma Powles.
Receiver—Jessie Runyard.
Chancellor—Lillian Harrower.
Marshal—Nellie Pierce.
Inner Sentinel—Lizzie Naber.
Outer Sentinel—Katie Dibble.
Manager—Lena Kuhaupt.
Physician—Dr. Warriner.

Delicately Put.

Two sisters while visiting in Ireland in Victoria's time got into conversation one day with a tenant of their hostess. One of the girls, who is quite stout, asked the old woman if she would have known them for sisters. "Well," was the answer, "ye look alike, but yer sister's slender, while you, miss—well, you favor the quane."

Made From Sunflower Seeds.

Seeds of sunflowers are found to make excellent food for live stock; its oil is equal to the best linseed oil, and its stalks are as good as coal for producing heat. And yet only a few years ago Kansas regarded the sunflower as a pest for all purposes except as an emblem.

Billiard Tables Rest on Rock.

Billiard tables, supported on solid rock are among the novel features of a 30-room concrete residence located on one of the islands of the San Juan archipelago in Puget sound. Each table rests on a massive concrete base which extends through an opening in the floor and has its footing on bed rock, and is therefore as solid and as free from vibration as if it were a part of the island itself.—Popular Mechanics.

HUSBAND SHOOTS WIFE

Another Case of Didn't Know It Was Loaded Ends In Tragedy

DEATH RESULTS INSTANTLY

Young Husband is Prostrated Over the Terrible Outcome of His Wife's Smiling Remark

"Another home was made sad through an accident attendant upon the old time phase, "I didn't know it was loaded." The home was that of Mr. and Mrs. James Dail, who live at the corner of Eighteenth and Victoria streets, North Chicago. The accident occurred 12:30 Saturday.

James Dail, a well known young man of North Chicago, arose from the table after the noon meal, and announced to his young wife that he was going rabbit hunting. Dail stepped into a bed room and secured his shotgun. He is said to be a careful man, and never allowed a weapon to remain in the chamber of the house after he had carried it into the house.

Picking up the gun he started out of the room. He was confronted by his girlish wife, who laughingly demanded of him:

"Shoot me right in the heart."

Smiling, Dail raised the gun to a level with his wife's breast. He drew a "head." Surely the gun was not loaded, he knew that, because he never permitted a cartridge to remain in it after he returned from a hunt. The "head" was right. His wife stood smiling, awaiting the pull on the trigger. Her husband pulled it. There was a roar, the smile that had graced the face of the young woman turned to agony as she fell to the floor. Her husband, unable to grasp a realization of the tragedy, stood as if turned to stone for a moment. The gun slipped from his hand and clattered to the floor. In another moment he was trying to still life into the limp form by his agonized calling of her name and by shaking her form. The awful realization came to him that she might be dead. The red spot fast covering her dress and the jagged wound in her breast met his eyes.

He thought of calling a doctor and rushed to the phone. He summoned Dr. Jolly who arrived on the scene of the accident as quickly as possible. When he arrived there he made a hasty examination of the wound and pronounced the woman dead. The load of shot had entered her heart and death had been instantaneous.

The announcement came as a blow to the young husband, who until then seemed unable to grasp the terrible extent of the tragedy. He began to cry like a child. From then on the great strain under which he was laboring overpowered him and for a time it was thought he might go insane over it all. Continually since the tragedy he has cried like a boy.

Mrs. Dail who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shoup of North Chicago, for many years prominent residents of that city, was well known in North Chicago and Waukegan. She was barely 20 years it is said. She bore the name of Miss Grace Shoup before her marriage. The young couple had been married only since June.

Household Hint From Father.

(You could write your name on the table, it was that dusty.) "Suppose," said father, peering over his glasses (eye glasses) at his industrious rag-picking daughter, "I say, suppose you stop hammering on the 'Mendelssohn Rag' for a while, and practice with the dust-rag an hour or two. I think mother would be pleased."

End Ancient Office.

The town's bellman is a functionary who has come down with the history of various ancient communities for hundreds of years, but Stirling (England) town council recently resolved to abolish the office. It was decided to ask that the bell be returned by its present holder, and if he is employed by third parties to make announcements, that he provide a bell for himself.

EDWARDS IS FAVORED BY BOARD

Supervisors Pass Resolutions Recommending Him For Circuit Judge

COUNTY SHOULD UNITE

If More Than One Candidate Enters From Lake One of the Others Will Walk Away with the Judgeship

Members of the Lake County Board of Supervisors Friday went on record as being in favor of the candidacy of Judge Clair C. Edwards for election to the bench from this county in the Seventeenth Judicial district, and as being decidedly in disfavor of any other candidate entering the field against the present incumbent who went onto the bench by appointment from the governor's office.

The full meaning of the resolution passed by the unanimous consent of the board is that unless Judge Edwards is given the absolute support of Lake county, the possibilities of his being defeated for election to the bench by a candidate from one of the other counties are great.

Judge Edwards has proven his worth as a judge since his appointment to the bench and not only are the supervisors pleased with the manner in which he has held the position, but the Lake County Bar association stands behind him to the man.

"His judicious temperament is such it is impossible to believe that he is doing other than what is for the best," one attorney stated in speaking about the resolution of the board. "Whether he is against you in a case or not, his rulings are always such as to make you deem yourself in the wrong and the court right."

Following is the resolution: Whereas, Claire C. Edwards is the present judge of the Seventeenth judicial district, and

Whereas, it is the sense of the Lake county board of supervisors that Lake county should have a resident circuit judge, and

Whereas, if more than one candidate appears for this position in Lake county, Lake county will doubtless lose the judgeship, and

Whereas, Judge Claire C. Edwards is a man of fine personal integrity and possessed of wide experience and excellent ability, and is of a decided judicious temperament.

Therefore, Be It Resolved, by the board of supervisors of Lake county: That the hearty endorsement of the board collectively and its members individually be accorded Claire C. Edwards for the position of circuit judge in the Seventeenth Judicial District as the Lake county candidate.

Make Sunflower Useful.

In some countries, notably in the Russian provinces north of the Caucasus, the sunflower serves other purposes besides ornamenting gardens with its huge golden blossoms. The seeds are used to make oil, which is employed both in the manufacture of soap and in cooking. The stems and leaves are burned and the ashes used to make potash. Last year the sunflower factories of the Caucasus produced 15,000 tons of potash.

Good Basement a Necessity.

No farm home should be without a large, roomy, dry and cool basement; of the kind in which you can stow away a furnace, as well as serving as a comfortable workroom. Besides, any other kind is not sanitary, to say the least.

Extremes in Mourning.

When Arabian women go into mourning they stain their hands and feet with indigo for eight days, and during that time they will drink no milk on the ground that its white does not harmonize with the mental gloom.

Real Home of the Rosemary.

The home of the rosemary was originally in the south of Europe, more especially Italy, where it grows to the height of six or eight feet, either being trained upward from the ground or embedding its roots in an old wall. It grows in three varieties—gold, silver and green.

COURT RULES THAT CO. TREAS., CANNOT RETAIN TAX FEE

A decision which was handed down by the Supreme court at Springfield on Wednesday of this week will no doubt serve to put an end to that part of the controversy between former County Treasurer Carl Westerfield and the Board of Supervisors which pertained to the retaining of a certain percentage of the inheritance tax fees. For some time this decision has been awaited and yesterday it came when the Supreme court unexpectedly handed down in Springfield a sweeping opinion declaring unconstitutional section 21 of the inheritance tax act, which for twenty years has permitted county treasurers to retain this fee.

By its decision the court reversed the lower court in a case brought by Frank W. Jones of the Illinois Tax Reform association against Wm. L. O'Connell, who recently retired from the office of county treasurer of Cook county.

That the effect of the decision may be retroactive was believed by persons who have followed the case. If this be true county treasurers who have served during the last twenty years or their heirs will be forced to repay into the state treasury the fees which they retained. The law in question also applies to other counties, and treasurers in the 101 counties outside of Cook would be under obligations to return the money thus obtained.

SMAOK-HAMLIN WEDDING WEDNESDAY

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Clarissa Clark on Wednesday of this week when her daughter Mrs. Ivah Smoak of this place became the bride of Frank Hamlin of Lake Villa.

The home was prettily decorated for the occasion and at exactly high noon in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties Rev. E. K. Hester spoke the words that made them man and wife.

Mrs. Andrew Harrison, twin sister of the bride served as bride's maid and Mr. Harrison acted as best man. The bride was attired in blue satin messalin and carried a bouquet of bride's roses, while the brides maid wore a gown of blue silk. The groom and best man were attired in the conventional black.

At the conclusion of the ceremony and hearty congratulations, a bounteous wedding feast was served.

The bridal couple left on the four-thirty-six train for a short trip and upon their return will take up their residence with the parents of the groom until their new home which is being built in Lake Villa is completed.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin are well known in this vicinity and their many friends are offering hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

Wedding Announced Sunday

Announcement is made that, on January 11, in St. Patrick's church, Chicago, will occur the marriage of Miss Sadie Grady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Grady of Lake Villa, to Robert McDermott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McDermott of West Washington street, Waukegan.

The couple will reside in Waukegan and will be at home following a honeymoon spent, just where they haven't told as yet.

The banns were called for the first time in the church of the Immaculate Conception Sunday morning.

Destroying Nature's Barrier.

There are four kinds of barriers or divisions set up by nature upon the face of the earth—mountains, forests, deserts, rivers. The first the mountains, man cannot remove, but he can and does go through them to save the trouble and difficulty of going over them. The second, the forests, he has largely cleared away altogether. The third, the deserts, he is beginning to treat like the forests. The fourth, the rivers, he is beginning to shift when it suits his purpose and to regulate their flow at will.

The Romanoffs.

The founder of the Russian royal house, known as the "Romanoffs," was Michael Feodorovitch, who was elected czar in 1613 at the age of sixteen. It is claimed that Michael, the founder of the strong, autocratic rule in Russia, was forced by the duma that elected him to take a constitutional oath—a formula that was but lightly regarded.

To Prevent China Chipping.

A good way to prevent fine china and cut glass from chipping while being washed is to put an old Turkish towel in the bottom of the dishpan.

INSIDE FACTS ABOUT LONG LAKE DEAL

Facts As Brought Out By The Arrest Of Mr. Robson In Chicago Friday

FERGUSON SHIFTS BLAME

Mr. Robson was a Big Fellow with Lots of Money Until the Police Spoiled His Illusion

Lake county people invested in the Long Lake, Wis., land a little over a year ago, may be interested in knowing that Ira S. Ferguson one of the promoters of the deal is to all appearances "up against it." The arrest of clever Mr. Robson in Chicago last Saturday has put Mr. Ferguson in bad.

After collecting anywhere between \$7,000 and \$10,000 for the sale of these lots and making a bad mess of the whole transaction, Mr. Ferguson dropped out of sight for a time. But last Friday he cast despondence aside and made a trip to Waukegan. Some one who recognized him gave the Daily Sun the tip and in a very short time the Sun man was on his trail but very little satisfaction did he get however aside from the privilege of telling Mr. Ferguson in very plain language just what he thought of him.

As is usual in such cases Ferguson tried to shift the blame onto others shoulders and claim that he too was a victim of circumstances. He claimed that he had not one cent of the money left. He stated that he was trying to straighten matters out but when questioned closely this assertion amounted only to the fact that he had turned the papers over to Mr. Benedict from whom he was supposed to have purchased the land.

But about the same time that Mr. Ferguson was putting up a bold front in Waukegan, his friend, Mr. Robson was running into hard luck in Chicago. Being recognized among the Christmas shoppers of the district by Mr. Benedict he was collared and handed over to police.

In speaking of the matter the Record Herald says:

His name he said Robson—Wm. R. Robson—and he and his wife were just over from Manchester, England.

He spoke with an accent and he stepped like a prize-winning pony. Quite casually he bumped acquaintance with Walter Benedict and C. H. Morgan and to them he disclosed his secret.

It seems that 29 years ago Wm. Robson and twenty-eight other gentlemen invested in 1,500,000 acres of Texas land. Now the syndicate thought it would be the proper thing to dispose of these acres. Mr. Robson was just waiting for the Bank of England to send him \$237,000.

Some time before Robson made his appearance Benedict and Morgan had dealings with Ira S. Ferguson, who had an office in the Advertising Building. They owned some land in Wisconsin and agreed to sell it to Mr. Ferguson for \$9,000. Ferguson accepted, and paid some money down.

Ferguson went ahead and cut up the \$9,000 worth of Wisconsin land into farms and started to sell them piecemeal. Benedict and Morgan got no more money from Ferguson, however.

Mr. Robson took a liking to Mr. Ferguson. He thought it was an outrage that a man should be tied up that way, and he promised that just as soon as he got the \$237,000 he would loan Ferguson \$20,000.

"You can give your two friends the \$20,000 for their land, seeing they've been so good as to wait for their money and you can still make a handsome profit, old chap," he said. "As for me?"—and a smile spread over Robson's face. "Bless you no, I want to see my friends happy, that's all."

Morgan and Benedict agreed to wait, gladly and Ferguson they say, went ahead collecting money for the sale of the Wisconsin land.

In the meantime, Mr. Robson became temporarily embarrassed. "It must be the war, it's deuced queer," but the \$237,000 never came.

They insisted he borrow a little money, and he did. \$200 from Benedict \$500 from Morgan, and various sums from other friends.

(Continued on page eight)

ACTION OF TURKEY MAY EMBROIL ITALY

King Victor's Government Makes
Demand for Immediate
Satisfaction.

BRITISH SUBJECT, REFUGEE IN
CONSULATE, SEIZED.

Action, Just at This Time, Is Most
Serious—German Squadron in South
Atlantic Destroyed by Superior British
Fleet—French Fighting to Reach
Metz—Kaiser's Commanders Report
Success in Poland.

Rome, Dec. 14.—Italy has reiterated
her urgent demand for the forcible re-
moval of G. A. Richardson, the British
consul at Hodeida, from the Italian
consulate, where he had taken refuge,
and for his immediate liberation.

It is understood that Germany has
advised the Constantinople government
to satisfy Italy's demand and thus
avoid complications.

The foreign minister also has asked
the Ottoman government to give public
satisfaction to Italy for the violation
of the consulate.

Italian Consul Menaced.
Baron Sonnino in answering an in-
terpellation in the chamber of deputies
regarding the Hodeida incident
gave the story of Consul Richardson's
arrest, which already had been made
public. He added that Signor Ce-
cchi, the Italian consul at Hodeida,
who came to the defense of his col-
league, was obliged to remain in his
house, which was watched several
days, until the arrival of the Italian
coast guardship Giuliana and the
Italian armored cruiser Marco Polo,
which had been ordered to Hodeida.

The Turkish government, in answer-
ing a request for reparation, the min-
ister told the deputies, said that it was
awaiting information and would adopt
the necessary measures. Baron Son-
nino concluded by saying that he did
not believe the Ottoman government
wished to share the responsibility of
such a patent violation of consular
rights.

Berlin Admits Squadron's Loss.
London, Dec. 12.—Berlin is ready to
concede the loss of the Dresden,
the sole remaining unit of the Ger-
man squadron destroyed by Vice-Ad-
miral Sir Frederick Sturdee off the
Falkland Islands in the South At-
lantic Tuesday.

The Imperial press bureau, from
which emanates all official informa-
tion given for publication, in a state-
ment issued apparently before the de-
struction of the Nuernberg became
known there, says, after recording the
sinking of the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau
and Leipzig and the escape of the
Nuernberg and Dresden in the main
engagement:

"In view of the superiority of the
enemy's fleet, which consists particu-
larly of big, fast, well-armed ships,
there seems little chance that our
two cruisers can long evade pursuit.
We must therefore also reckon with
the loss of both these ships."

Revised reports of the casualties on
the British ships during the engage-
ment showed seven men had been
killed and four wounded. No casual-
ties were reported among the officers.
The Buenos Aires dispatch quotes
private German sources as admitting
that the German losses would reach
3,000.

Report Other German Losses.
A dispatch from Coronel via Val-
paraiso says a merchant ship that
arrived at Concepcion last night re-
ported it had intercepted a wireless
message stating that the German
transport Prinz Eitel Friedrich has
been sunk by a Japanese warship. It
is reported she had 1,500 German ma-
rines aboard.

The German armored cruiser Fried-
rich Karl is reported to have been
sunk in the Baltic sea by a mine and
most of her crew drowned, accord-
ing to an official statement issued by
the French ministry of marine today.

London, Dec. 11.—Admiral Sturdee
reports the sinking of the German
cruiser Nuernberg, fourth to be ac-
counted for by Admiral Graf von
Spee's squadron, defeated off Falkland
Islands.

Ships in British Fleet.
Montevideo, Dec. 11.—The British
fleet that attacked and sank four ves-
sels of the German fleet commanded
by Admiral Graf von Spee in an en-
gagement off the Falkland Islands
Tuesday is reported here to have
numbered nine warships, two of which
were dreadnaughts, thought to be the
Lion and the Indefatigable.

Von Spee's Misfortune.
London, Dec. 10.—The British navy
has squared the account with Admiral
von Spee. In the most terrific naval
engagement in point of guns and ton-
nage yet fought in the war, Vice-Ad-
miral Sir Frederick C. D. Sturdee's

cruiser squadron engaged the German
squadron of Von Spee, sunk its flag-
ship, the armored cruiser Scharnhorst
of 11,240 tons, its sister ship, the Gne-
isenau, and the light cruiser Leipzig
of 3,200 tons.

The light cruisers Nuernberg and
Dresden escaped and were pursued
by the victorious British fleet. Two
colliers attached to the German fleet
were captured.

Believe Von Spee Sank.
The official statement of the ad-
miralty, issued by the press bureau,
say some survivors of the Gneisenau
and Leipzig were rescued, but no men-
tion is made of any survivors of the
flagship Scharnhorst, and it is be-
lieved Admiral von Spee went down
with his ship.

The complements of the Scharn-
horst and the Gneisenau were 764 men
each and that of the Leipzig 303. Thus
more than 1,800 officers and men were
aboard the three ships sunk, and it is
believed the losses will exceed 1,500.
The battle occurred in the morn-
ing off the Falkland Islands, in the
South Atlantic, 300 miles east of the
Atlantic entrance of the Straits of
Magellan.

Seek to Reach Metz.
(By C. F. BERTELLI.)
Paris, Dec. 14.—All eyes in France
are now turned in the direction of
Metz.

Today's official bulletin reports that
further progress has been made in
the Le Petre wood, which is situated
to the north of Pont-a-Mousson, near
the Lorraine frontier. The logical
conclusion is that the French are
fighting their way to the Metz forts,
which indeed have already been bom-
barded intermittently.

In the course of events Le Petre
wood has thus developed into a po-
sition of immediate importance—a po-
sition in which it focuses the atten-
tion of all France.

Further south, between Pont-a-Mous-
son and Luneville, the French have
regained possession of the frontier for
an unbroken length of 40 miles.

London, Dec. 14.—By admissions
from Berlin it seems certain the slender
German hold on the Meuse at St.
Mihiel is about to be broken. The
French have crossed the German line
of communication with Metz midway
between St. Mihiel and Pont-a-Mous-
son, although at a cost of 600 prison-
ers and a large number of men killed
and wounded.

The official German report issued
today in Berlin refers to the engage-
ment thus:

"Following their unsuccessful at-
tack on Apremont, December 11 the
French again attacked yesterday over
a large front by way of Flirey (Clirey).
The attack ended in the loss to the
French of 600 prisoners and a large
number of men killed and wounded.
Our losses in this engagement amount-
ed to about seventy wounded."

The French have been particularly
active the last few days in the
Woivre district, as the culmination
of a steady, grinding fight forward
from the woods south of Apremont
and an equally gruelling advance from
the forts south of Verdun. This con-
flict, almost lost sight of in the larger
events of the Flanders and Polish
campaigns, would in any other war
have been ranked among the great
campaigns.

German Success in Poland.
Berlin, Dec. 14.—The official report
issued today said:
"In northern Poland we captured a
number of the Russian positions, tak-
ing 11,000 prisoners and 43 guns."

(By FREDERICK RENNET.)
Petrograd, Dec. 14.—Very heavy
fighting has been reported from the
battle front in Poland today. The fir-
ing can be heard for many miles and
it is proceeding incessantly.

The Germans are throwing their ut-
most endeavors into their aggressive
efforts in the operations in the region
of Lowicz, where on a front 25 miles
long, extending from Glogno north-
ward to Ilovo on the Vistula, they
keep half a million men in the heat
of battle day and night.

They have thrown practically every
man available onto the fighting line.
Aerial reconnaissances show that only
slight bodies of reserves are being
held in their rear.

It is clear that this army is not
intended for a serious renewal of the
attempt on Warsaw, but its furious
succession of charges up to point
blank range is explained here as in-
tended to delay the Russian central
army from advancing westward.

Dresden Reported Safe.
Buenos Aires, Dec. 13.—It is official-
ly announced by the German consul
at Punta Arenas that the Dresden ar-
rived today. The commander of the
German cruiser, which now appears to
have escaped Admiral Sturdee's British
fleet, declared that the German
squadron, of which four ships were
sunk in the battle off Falkland Is-
lands, was engaged by two British
superdreadnaughts and six British
cruisers.

The consul states that the Dresden
was undamaged.

players, by their resolute aloofness,
seem to raise, however, unwittingly, a
standard of negation to all the claims
of patriotism. The leagues and clubs
which support them are in the prac-
tical position of antinational organiza-
tions. The indifferent, thoughtless and
selfish are encouraged in their vice
by the distraction provided for them
in every large center of population.
Such a diversion of popular energy
from the nation's cause in the gravest
hour of its history demands every re-
sistance."

ECONOMY IS SLOGAN

LEGISLATIVE, EXECUTIVE AND
JUDICIAL APPROPRIATION
BILL CUT ALL DOWN LINE.

PROVIDES FOR FARM CENSUS

No Increase in Salaries and But Very
Few Additional Employments—Sen-
ate Passes Bill Appropriating \$1-
000,000 to Fight Cattle Disease.

Washington, Dec. 15.—The "econo-
my policy" of the administration is
maintained in the legislative, execu-
tive and judicial appropriation bill re-
ported to the house by the appropri-
ations committee on Monday. The es-
timates are cut consistently all down
the line.

The senate passed a bill appropriat-
ing \$1,000,000 for eradication of the
foot-and-mouth disease.

Although the bill carries \$2,285,100
for an agricultural census, an item
not in last year's measure, the total
reported is not greatly above that of
last session.

Including the allowance for the cen-
sus, the bill carries \$38,744,733.50, a
cut of approximately \$1,982,000 in the
estimates submitted. The amount ap-
propriated last year was \$37,625,789.

"No salaries are increased and but
very few additional employments are
provided for in any of the departments
of the government," says the report
filed by Representative Johnson of
South Carolina, chairman of the sub-
committee which framed the bill.

The committee also economized a
bit at its own expense. It inserted a
legislative rider providing that here-
after members of congress shall re-
ceive only five cents per mile going
to and returning from the sessions.
The present allowance is 20 cents per
mile each way.

Reductions in the force of the pen-
sion office and the post office depart-
ment are the principal salary saving
items in the bill.

These reductions, however, are
more than offset by the provision for
the employment of 1,000 temporary
clerks to aid in tabulating the agri-
cultural census.

Secretary Redfield's estimates for
the bureau of foreign and domestic
commerce were cut. He asked \$100-
000 for "promotion and developments
of foreign commerce," but receives
only \$75,000. The item for investigat-
ing cost of production was cut from
\$75,000 to \$50,000; that for promot-
ing commerce with Central and South
America was reduced from \$100,000 to
\$75,000 and the estimate of \$10,000 to
gather statistics of internal commerce
was lowered.

CRUISER DRESDEN IS SAFE

War Craft That Escaped From British
Fleet Following Naval Battle
Is Undamaged.

Valparaiso, Chile, Dec. 16.—A dis-
patch from Punta Arenas states that
the German cruiser Dresden reached
there undamaged.

A wireless message received at
Buenos Aires, reporting the German
cruiser Dresden had arrived at Punta
Arenas, in the strait of Magellan, also
brought the information that the war-
ship, which had fled to Santa Cruz
after the engagement off Falkland
Islands, had steamed 275 miles down
the Argentine coast, keeping well
within the neutral three-mile limit.

SERVIANS RETAKE BELGRADE

Continued Victories Over Austrians
Admitted in Vienna Re-
port.

London, Dec. 15.—The Servians,
after a fierce battle, have reoccupied
Belgrade, according to a Nish dispatch
to Reuter's Telegraph company. The
Austrians occupied Belgrade Decem-
ber 2, after having besieged it since
July 29, bombarding from batteries
near Semlin and from monitors on
the Danube. A large portion of the
city was said to have been destroyed
by the fire of the Austrians. Reuter's
Amsterdam correspondent says the
Austrians admit defeat at the hands
of the Servians.

TURK BATTLESHIP IS SUNK

British Submarine Makes Daring Raid
In Dardanelles—Forces Passage
by Diving Beneath Mine Fields.

London, Dec. 16.—The British sub-
marine B-11, attached to the interna-
tional war fleet which has been bom-
barding the Turkish forts at the
western entrance of the Dardanelles,
has forced a passage of that water-
way by diving beneath the mine fields
with which it is lined, and torpedoed
the Turkish battleship Mesoudieh.
The Mesoudieh, which carried a crew
of 600 men, was sinking rapidly by the
stern when the daring submarine
withdrew.

Mexican General Is Shot.
Washington, Dec. 16.—General Fu-
entes, whose son married General
Huerta's daughter, was executed, to-
gether with four minor officials, on
Wednesday in Mexico City, according
to advices to the state department.

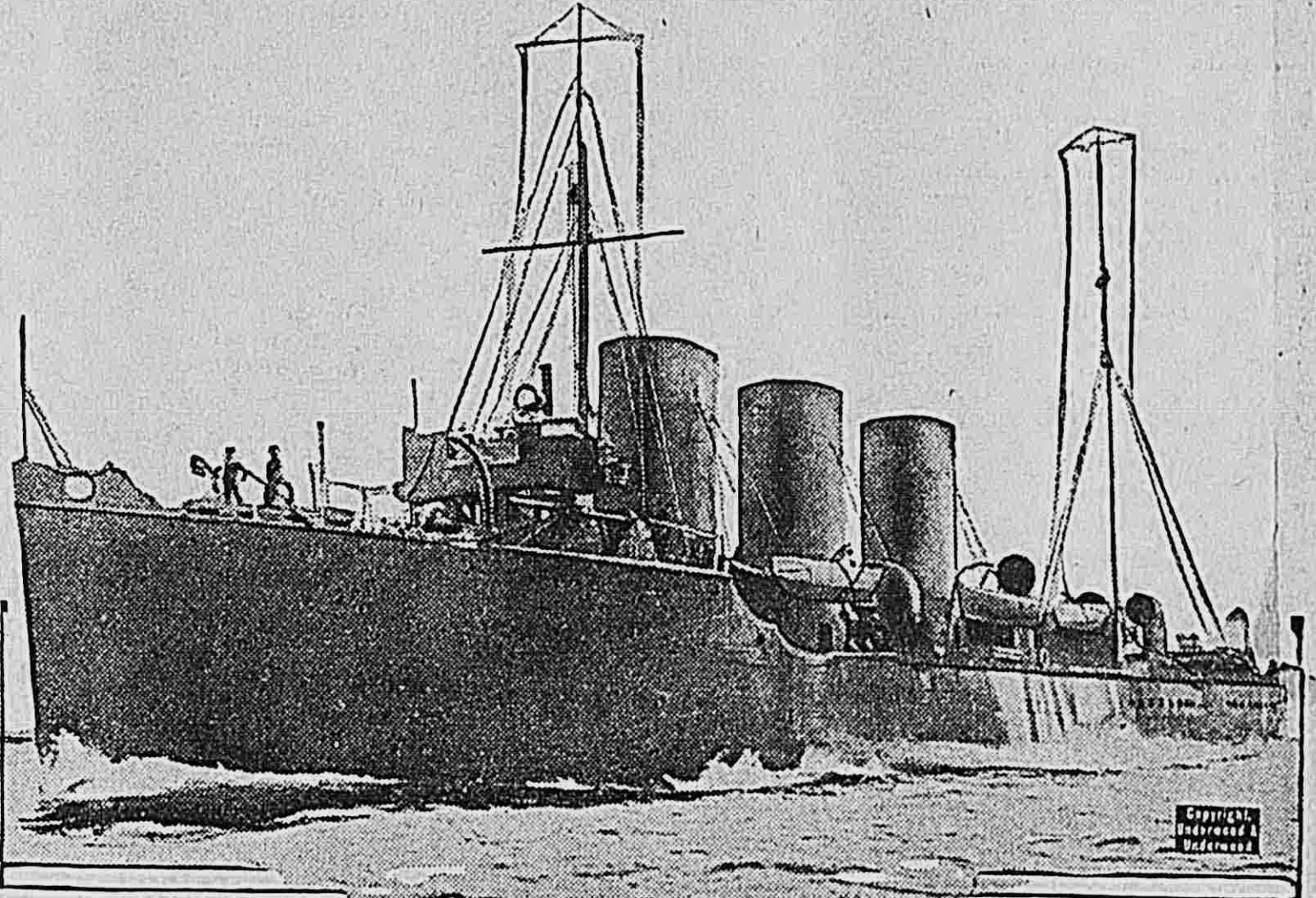
Freiburg Shelled by Flyer.
Berlin, Dec. 16.—The Zeitung am
Mittag says that hostile aviators flew
over the city of Freiburg, throwing
bombs from their machines. One
bomb hit a house and did considerable
damage. Two girls were injured.

MARKET DAY AMID RUINS OF ORTELBURG



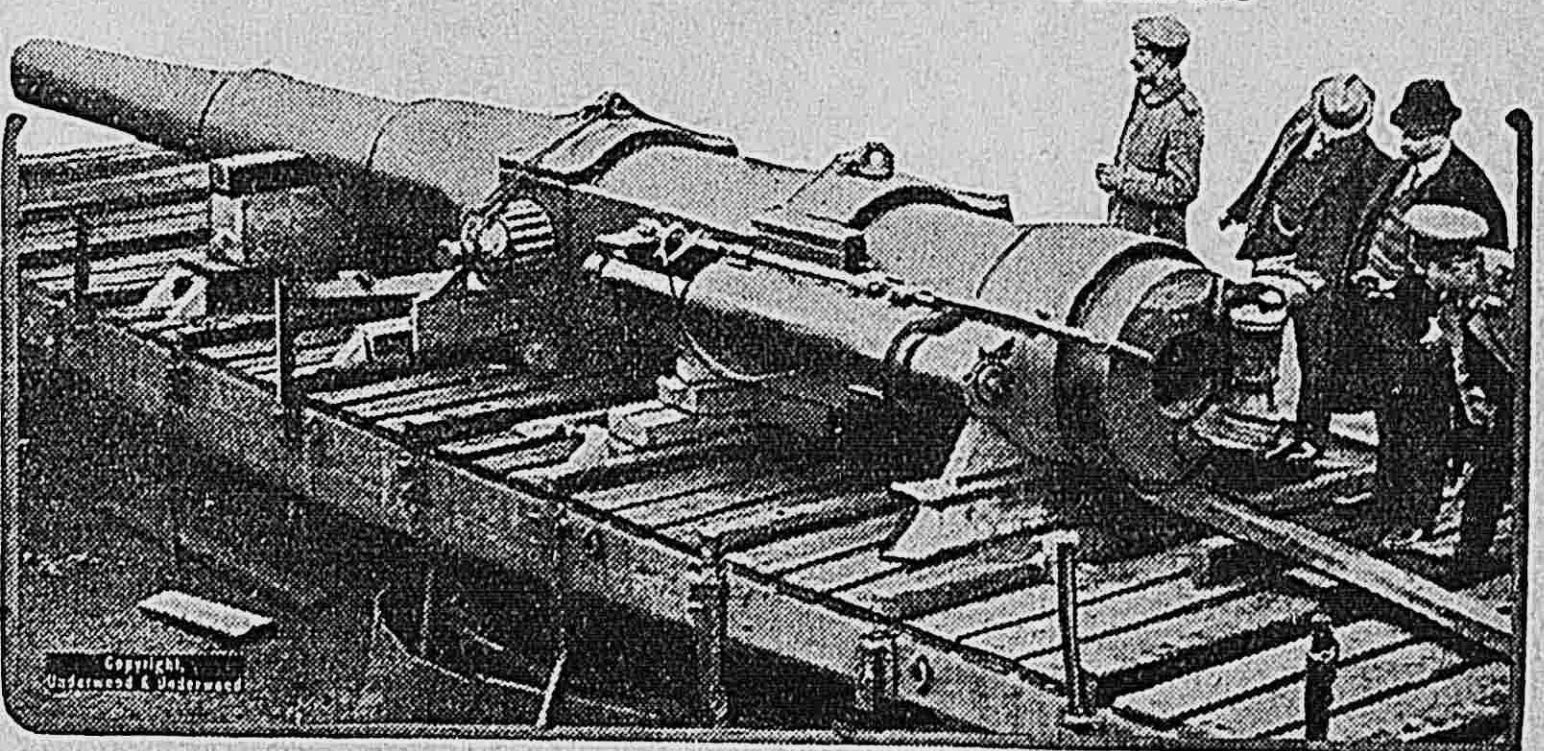
Ortelburg, a town of East Prussia on the Russian frontier, was smashed by the guns of the invading troops of the czar before they were driven back by General von Hindenburg. On the regular market day the merchants and tucksters took their accustomed places in the market platz and displayed their supplies of foodstuffs amid the ruins.

BRITAIN'S NEWEST TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER



The new British torpedo boat destroyer Swift is the largest of its type, having a displacement of 1,825 tons, and its speed, 36 miles an hour, makes it one of the fastest of war craft. It is equipped with four rapid-fire guns.

BIG ENGLISH GUN CAPTURED BY GERMANS



This big coast defense gun was shipped from England to be mounted for the defense of Antwerp, but reached that city just in time to be captured by the Germans, who are now making use of it.

GALIENI IN NEW UNIFORM



General Gallieni, military governor of Paris, wearing the new uniform just adopted by the French army. It is modeled on English lines and is of a blue-gray tint.

BELGIAN REFUGEE CAMP IN HOLLAND



Three hundred thousand Belgians have found a haven of safety in Holland and are concentrated in a number of camps. The photograph shows one of these camps at Bergen-op-Zoom, with its women and children refugees.

NO MORE FOOTBALL REPORTS

London Observer Gives Reason for
Closing Its Columns to Britain's
Most Popular Game.

The London Observer says: "The
Observer has decided that until the
recruiting crisis is over no reports or
results of football matches shall ap-
pear in its columns."

"Professional football, which still
continues to be played, is a direct
impediment to the raising of the new
armies which the nation requires. The

The Gift That Tipped the Scales

By LILLIAN DUCEY

(Copyright by McClure Syndicate)

As long as Callista's money held out she went gayly about her Christmas shopping. When she found that her tiny purse was empty, she stopped buying—wherein she showed greater wisdom than many grown-ups—and with a soul replete with satisfaction she left the store.

"I've got pretty much most everything, I guess," she said to herself, hugging her bundles close as she tripped along, the country streets. "But I'll know for sure when I get home."

And when she reached home she did was to array the gorgeous gifts upon the white spread of her little bed. Christmas was two days away. Therefore it was imperative that she begin that very moment to put them in order. Then like an embodied cyclone she burst into her elder sister's room, intent upon tissue paper and seals and all the other necessities for making beautiful Christmas bundles.

What Callista saw there made her freeze in her tracks, as if the high wind of Destiny, which had borne her thus far, had suddenly become a dead calm. Margaret, her beautiful, lovely Margaret was standing with tightened lips that twitched and quivered. In her hand, which hastily dropped to her side, but not before Callista had seen, was clutched a photograph. And the whispered words on her lips repeated themselves over and over in Callista's mind, while amazement held her dumb. "It grows worse, the ache—worse as the days go by." Not until Callista had interpreted the meaning of those words did she find her voice; then she said blandly:

"I came for—I'm wrapping up my Christmas bundles." Seeing what she wanted lying on Margaret's desk, she went for them.

Meanwhile, a brave control touched the quivering lips of the elder girl. She was indeed fortunate, she thought, that it was only Callista who had discovered her momentary aberration. For that was what it was. How could it be anything else? What girl with any pride would allow herself to—No, she hadn't cried! The man did not live who could make her weep for him.

"You'll return what you don't need, Callista, dear?" she said, sweetly.

"Yes," answered Callista briefly, and went.

And then, just to prove to herself that she had regained her sanity, Margaret Wesley looked again at that picture in her hand—looked, and felt a quick contraction of the throat, a sudden piercing sting upon her eyeballs. And down upon the picture dropped a tear.

Callista, on the other side of the door, was saying to herself:

"She was going to cry. Her eyes were teary. It was Jasper's picture she was trying to hide." And then, childlike, in spite of her surprise the gathering forces of her sympathy were completely overwhelmed to the demands of Christmas. And why not? After all, Callista's mind was too youthful to be deeply concerned about lover's quarrels and broken engagements and such things. And she had made such marvelous purchases.

Indeed as they lay spread out on the bed it did seem as if only a genius or a little girl could have reached such decisions. There was a really lovely box of handkerchiefs, embellished with the pinkest of pink paper, for mother. That gift had put a tremendous hole in her pocketbook. And a pair of suspenders for daddy. These two presents were the first purchased, and while Callista still held the leash in her fancy. Afterward, let the sad truth be revealed at once (but then Callista was such a little girl, how could she be expected to prove bigger minded and stronger than grownups?). she succumbed to this intoxication of glittering, gleaming, glowing displayed wares.

"For brother Jim—that nice green tie," Callista hummed softly to herself—a tune improvised for the occasion. "For sister Nell—that story book. I hope she reads it all to me. And baby boy can have that rattle. Uncle Fred that nice glass pitcher." She paused and added sotto voce: "I got it in the beautiful Ten Cent store. And he's going to be married, so he can use it." Then the song went on—"And Auntie Marge that box of soap." That was from the Ten Cent store also, but then each cake was done up in shiny red paper, and there were three cakes in a box. "And sister Kate a string of beads. 'Once more the song reverted to everyday speech: 'Maybe she'll lend them to me once in a while 'cause I gave them to her.' "And sister Margaret—" Callista paused aghast. The one thing that

had not been apportioned was a tiny set of dishes—also from that beautiful Ten Cent store. She looked over the gifts. Some were already wrapped, for all the while she sang her nimble fingers had been busy. But her genius solved the problem.

"Well," she said reflectively, "she can use them for an ornament on her desk maybe, and I'll promise to dust them for her. I like little dishes."

But having cleared that hurdle another presented itself almost immediately. On a flooding onset of memory Callista remembered that she had fully intended when she started out to get something for Jasper—the brother that was to have been, but now wasn't to be, as she explained it to her mind. For in Callista's loyal little heart burned a steady flame of liking for the man who could treat little girls with the consideration he had bestowed upon her.

This was a dilemma. And for the moment Callista actually thought of robbing her real brother Jim of the glorious green tie. Jim, just two years older, was a "pig" to her sometimes. But then she remembered that Jasper never wore any but black ones on account of his red hair, as he had explained to her at one time.

It was indeed a perplexing problem to say the least. For had it been any one but Jasper she might confide in some one—her mother, or even Margaret—and negotiate a loan.

"I guess he'll have to go without," she concluded almost sadly. And curiously a dusk of dreams crept into her blue eyes. "Unless—unless I give him something of my own." But a mental review of her most cherished possessions failed to reveal anything suitable for a big grown-up man. Then even as she gave up the problem her despairing musing awoke to life with a delighted, "Oh!" As she pondered she had been gazing directly at the framed picture of Margaret which stood on her little dresser.

Callista was nothing if not masterful in the manner in which she reached ultimate decisions—and then lived up to them. Less than a minute after she had allotted Jasper that forget-me-not framed face she was also promising him a note. For Callista really had a fellow feeling of understanding for the man—especially about that picture.

"Dear brother Jasper, that was to have been," her letter ran. "I am sending you for a Christmas present the picture of Margaret which you returned when you sent back the other presents she gave you. I know you will like to have it again. I know how you feel. Just most like the day I threw the peanuts at Kitty Marshall's head when she put them in my lap and I was mad at her. Only being a big man and not a little girl you can't do 'xactly what I did. Of course



It Was Imperative That She Begin to Put Them in Order.

I was mad—but I did want the peanuts. So after she was gone and nobody was looking I picked them up again. Nobody'll know you got the picture, 'cause I won't tell. Anyway Margaret's got one of yours she didn't send back. I guess 'cause she ain't such a maddy cat as we. It's our red hair."

"Your faithful and loving, 'CALLISTA."

"P. S. A merry Christmas. If you want to send me a present send it to Margaret instead. Without being unfaithful to her, I will close by just saying her ache grows worse with the days."

The gift and the letter were done up and duly delivered the next morning. Amid the stress of holding preparations Callista did not experience the necessity of being secretive. She walked up to the Hemingway's door, a little girl bursting with the season's joy, and said to Jasper's mother:

"It's—it's my Christmas present to Jasper! No reason—is there?—why I shouldn't give my dear Jasper one?" And with a shy little laugh she scampered off.

And then the wheels of Fate spun round and round, having been given a very vigorous start by Callista. Christmas morning dawned clear and white-bond. The drifting cloud banks had left the heavens during the night and settled with feathery lightness on the earth, had made Callista's world a beautiful amphitheater, snow-muffled to an echo, wherein sleigh bells tinkled merrily and joyous voices rang glad-somely. It was an ideal Christmas Day. And perfect it proved to Callista.

Callista was steeped in bliss. But not any more so than if she had received but two or three of the many, many gifts heaped upon her by adoring relatives. And it was not until afternoon that her maze of joy began to take on coherency, and she began to link in her mind the gifts to their donors. Then it was that she remembered her sister's former betrothed.

"Did you receive anything from Jasper, Margaret?" she blurted out. Fortunately they were alone, the rest of the family having gone to Aunt Marge's house for a little visit. But since Callista had a cold, Margaret stayed at home with her.

Margaret, who had been staring with dream-haunted eyes into vacancy, started as if some white hot brand



That's Funny."

had touched her. But the next moment, as if remembering that this searing must be endured, she answered sweetly:

"No, dear."

"That's funny," Callista had noted the start and now was taking shy stock of her. "I didn't either. And I thought he'd give one of us a Christmas present."

Margaret added nothing to prolong this conversation, and apparently Callista was too intent upon going her own way in thought to continue it perforce, for silence fell between them.

And it was into this silence that the telephone tone vehemently.

"Let me! Let me!" shouted Callista. And before Margaret could utter a word of protest she had the receiver. Then assuming an important air of grown-upness she attended to the affair in hand.

"Hello! Yes, this is 4237 J. Yes, this is Callista. Oh! Did you like it? Did you? I—yes. I thought you would!"

For a moment she slipped her very proper telephone manner and became the eager little girl. The next she was back again doubly dignified of tone.

"I suppose you didn't give any Christmas presents this year. Margaret says you didn't give her any—I asked her—and you didn't send me anything—"

"Callista!" It was Margaret's voice, quivering, questioning. "Who?" Callista was intent on the phone. "Yes," she was saying, "you saw them going to Auntie Marge's. Yes, all but Margaret and me. Yes, of course she'll talk to you—when I get through. Now! You can't wait to hear her voice! I must say Jasper Hemingway that you're very rude and impolite. I wanted to tell you about all the Christmas presents I got. Yes, I will be mad. I am. But I'll tell her."

Meanwhile a white face waited at Callista's side. From that great tear-washed eyes stared incredulously.

"Here—" Callista was oblivious to the insistent tide of human emotion surging about her, as she held the receiver toward Margaret. "He says to tell you he was in the wrong and he's ready to go down on his knees to ask you to forgive him. And he says to emphasize the 'down on your knees.'"

Margaret put out a hand. It was a wild yearning gesture with which she bent to hear that voice. And Callista, going into the next room, noted the sudden light that flew to her face. Incredibly transformed she was from the dream-haunted girl of a few moments ago. And without really understanding how she, a little girl, had made a hot-tempered man ashamed of himself, Callista yet knew that she had tipped the scales of chance.

"I did it," she whispered to herself. "My Christmas present made him glad again."

Hard Times Sure.

Brown—You mustn't feel disappointed this Christmas, Johnnie. These are terrible times we're having. Little Johnnie—They must be pretty hard, dad, when Santa Claus takes the trouble to drag my old cart out of the lumber-room and give it a new coat of paint.

Cause for Sorrow.

Photographer (taking family group)—Now, then, Mr. Housefull, the expressions are all right but yours. Try to look happy; remember that Christmas is coming. Mr. Housefull (despondently)—Hang it, man, that's just what I am thinking about.

NEW YEAR PROPHETS

By GENE MORGAN.

ANYBODY who says the world is growing less superstitious must be talking through the ear-flaps on his cap. Every year about January 1 old Superstition shows itself like a hydra-headed monster in a laundry basket.

To be sure, we no longer take out insurance against ghosts, and if we saw a hobgoblin we'd want to know why the hotel bellhop had grown those whiskers. But there is one kind of superstition which we seem to be giving more encouragement all the time, and that is the New Year prophecy.

The true New Year prophet is a cheerful soul. If he ever has any good news concerning the future, he carefully nibbles at the hard ground with a pickax and buries it. Bad news, calamity, disaster, catastrophe, misfortune, these are the staple groceries in which he prefers to deal. And he has such a clever way of making good, too.

The New Year prophet wears crepe to work every morning while he is putting his forecast in order. He also wears a long, sad face and murmurs ever and anon that the worst is yet to come. He does this in order that the world may grow pale and weep and shudder. He just loves to show us a good time.

The way the New Year prophet makes good on his predictions is to promise every kind of bad luck there is, from famine to earthquake, and from plague to war. As this globe of ours has been enjoying a steady diet of these things since the year one, the New Year prophet rarely goes wrong, but just waves his printed predictions upside down and warbles, "I told you so." He is a sure-thing player, and rarely takes a chance that is not a sixty-to-one shot.

For instance, he is safe in forecasting a typhoon in the Pacific ocean, which will destroy shipping, but he wouldn't dare to predict that James Jones will pay me that ten dollars he owes me before the first of next April. He finds it advisable to foresee a famine in China—any old thing can happen in China—but under no circumstances would he venture the belief that I will surely keep all the good resolutions I made on the evening of December 30.

If I thought the pay was steady and the hours not too long for indoor work, I believe I should like to take up the work of making New Year prophecies. For the benefit of enterprising employers, looking for bright young men at this kind of work, I have made up a few sample prophecies for 1915. It makes no difference how I did it, whether by crystal gazing or by scientific methods. However, I accomplished it without the aid of a medical almanac or other weapons.

For instance, I predict that:

In January the days will be a little longer, and ice will be cheap. On Jan-



Murmurs Ever and Anon That the Worst Is Yet to Come.

uary 21 the coal bin will be empty, and father will chop up a parlor chair. The month of February will take only 29 days to pass a given point. The weather will be extremely unsettled, and when it is not stormy the air will be quite calm. In spite of the cold spell cherry trees will bloom around February 22 in all candy store windows.

March will come in like a lamb afraid of waking the baby, and will go out like a lionine monster who has just overheard someone say he is getting fat. RWA checks will be issued in case this condition is reversed. There will be some warm weather, which will cause optimists to throw aside their overcoats and shed their thick, prickly underwear. When the cold spell gets back on the job, fresh, frozen optimist will be one of the delicacies of the season.

April will come in with a sore foot, having kicked an opera hat which completely surrounded a brick. April will be a wet month, and early umbrella crops will be reported from many regions. Flido will here begin to shed his fur.

Now there's a prophecy which shows what I can do. To confess up, there was nothing difficult about it. For anyone can be a New Year prophet. Yes, without any previous training, or experience in sending spirit messages

collect, instead of paying the boy your self.

It's safe to prophesize that in the year 1915, A. D., you are going to keep most of your good resolutions if you made them in an earnest, sincere, try-again spirit, instead of in the usual, automatic way, like giving a fence its annual whitewash. It's safe to forecast that you'll keep out of debt, that you'll increase your bank account and that you'll get your gilt-edged license for health and happiness—if, instead of growing dreamy-eyed and wondering what the New Year may bring



On January 21 the Coal Bin Will Be Empty.

forth, you step out on the right foot, with your eyes to the front. Decide that when old Dame Fortune meets you you'll be plugging along the straight and narrow path, and then she won't have room to slide-step you.

Be your own prophet and predict a year of hard work and square living for yourself. You should worry while the professional New Year prophet is dusting off his shelf-worn stock of plagues, famines, volcanic eruptions and crop failures in Helgoland.

ABE MARTIN ON NEW YEAR

Thoughts by a Philosopher About the Man Who Swears Off—Has Hard Time for a While.

Sometimes when a feller who kin drink or leave it alone gits 't lookin' back o'er th' year jest closin' an' sums up all th' things he's done or undone, all th' energy an' money he's wasted an' all th' things he's missed or neglected in that regretted time, th' past looms up like a piece o' tar soap. Then he quietly resolves 't bid good-by 't th' social cup an' New Year's day, little dreamin' o' th' colossal struggle jest around th' corner.

Th' feller who has long been used 't fortifyin' himself with a stimulant on over' occasion has purty tough sleddin' for a while after he swears off. Ther's th' ordeal o' buyin' a new hat or attendin' a banquet. Th' feller who kin drink or leave it alone allus smells like a Deer Creek distillery after he buys a new hat, an' he'll often train fer weeks when ther's a banquet ahead. Sometimes he'll set clean thro' a banquet, or at least till th' last syllable of an address on "Th' Weddin' o' th' Oceans" has died away in th' cigarette smoke.

But how a feller's whole style o' pitchin' changes when he once gits thoroughly established on th' water wagon an' begins 't talk natural fer th' first time since th' first baby come! How his patient wife misses his glowin' account o' th' day's earnings when he used 't stall thro' th' evenin' meal! How his associates miss his decided views on ever' question that comes up! How th' one-legged newsboy on th' corner misses his lavish generosity! How he kicks on th' grocery bill! How his waistcoat pockets bulge with segars, each one representin' a 15-cent drink that he's muffed while in th' hands o' friends, an' how his little children miss th' peppermint drops that used 't fall from his overcoat as he flung it carelessly across th' planner.

Lafe Bud says that gittin' on an off th' water wagon is th' only exercise some fellers ever git.—Abe Martin, in American Magazine.

A New Year's Wish.

To become an expert at forgetting, just to forget all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the mean words, the bitter disappointments—just let them go, forget them—the memory will become quick and alert to remember the things worth remembering, the mind given to beautiful things, worth-while things, and to remember always that I am in the presence of God, this is my desire for the New Year.

Good-by, Old Year.

Peace to its ashes! Peace to its embers of burnt-out things; fears, anxieties, doubts all gone! I see them now as a thin, blue smoke hanging in the bright heavens of the past year, vanishing away into utter nothingness. Not many hopes deceived, not many illusions scattered, not many anticipations disappointed, but love fulfilled, the heart comforted, the soul enriched with affections.—Longfellow.

Help!

"Gentleman offers to exchange a Christmas present for something useful."

The Old Year and the New



To all—good-by. My taskin'. I've swung the circle of the I've given all that Life best. I've dealt Fate's cards to fs, to fm. I've touched you each with nd care. Drawn wrinkles here, smoc wrinkles there.

And if I've frosted temples; I've made warm lips to kiss; The chill. Tho' Death, tho' I've visited—I've granted Lb

Oh, World!

Oh, World! dear World—at last I'm here. Yet I ask you—your dying Y. Have I not filled it? Answer. If I've robbed you have not you? Have not you sought to kill me? Have not you wasted me—Gtiffed me?



Misspent me, mocked me, wif me a my way. Loathed and reviled me—pranday day. And when I granted it, mocknat me too. Are we not quit at evens—I ask!

Oh, World! dear World—at last I'm here. Through all eternity I've longed for. Impatient of the years I had to w. Each nerve a quiver, lest I be too. And now I'm here—and all of I are mine.

For my brief reign. Yet, also, I think. For use—abuse—but treat me as may. Remember this—I'll give and take way. And but this moment born—but half wake. I'll tell you now what I'll both give & take.

I'll take a life from out you here a share. I'll give—a lover true—a sweethe. Half of your fondest hopes I'll stave. I'll grant a grain of wisdom day by. And tho', perchance, I should take a life.

With lavish hands I'll shower it on all. I'll smite some of you with an iron. I'll nurse some others with my teatst love. I'm both your queen and slave. Now make way. This night is yours. Tomorrow you're my.

Bring forth the jesters. Fill the of cheer. You've waited me forever. Wor am here.

The 1915 Boy.

"I will not put pins in my dear brother's chair." (Tacks will hurt J. as much, anyway.) "I will not quarrel and fight with my big brothers in 1915." (When I got a little brother for?) "I will not play hooky from school to go fishing or swimming." (This, in the winter time.) "I will be a regular attendant at Sunday school." (At Christmas time and just before the summer excursion, of course.) "I will not take mother's sugar jelly from the pantry without permission." (Her raspberry jam is good enough for me.) "I will be kind to dumb animals, such as tigers, lions and elephants." (My cats and dogs, however, had better keep out of this neighborhood.) "I will not (Oh, gee, that's a lot.) They say the good die young. I want to live until I catch the headed boy on the next block. I stuck his tongue out at me last day."

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Elgin Butter Report

ELGIN, ILL., Dec. 14.—The Committee declared butter at 32.

Only one week more till Christmas. Frank Hunt was a Chicago passenger Monday.

A special show at the Crystal theater Christmas night.

Ted Lenore was transacting business in Chicago Monday.

Chase Webb was purchasing new goods in Chicago Tuesday.

Give her an indoor clothes line for Christmas. F. J. Hunt.

Silk hose for Christmas gifts at Webb's.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VanPat-ten last Thursday, a son.

Claire Kelly and Chas. Kennaugh are spending a few days in Chicago.

It is reported that Mrs. Elmer Stickle of Grass Lake is ill with typhoid fever.

Dr. and Mrs. Morrell are entertaining the latter's father Mr. Hucker of Ingleside.

Mrs. Geo. Farrow of Seattle, Wash., visited a few days this week at the home of her brother Walter Palmer.

Do not fail to see Wm. Keulman's ad in this paper. It is worth your time to read it. It is full of timely suggestions for Christmas gifts.

Christmas candy, at Webb's.

Andrew Harrison has accepted a position as driver on one of the Waukegan Oil company's wagons. He expects to begin work about January 1st.

Word received from Geo. Huber is to the effect that he is getting along very nicely from his recent operation, although he does not expect to leave the hospital for some time yet.

What would be better for a Christmas present for a far away friend or relative than a year's subscription to the News. Subscribe now and get the benefit of the old rate.

The Crystal is putting on some pretty good shows Wednesday and Saturday evenings as well as the serial, "Lucille Lob Monday night."

Arm mackinaws for men and boys, at Webb's.

be of interest to many of our readers learn that C. W. Whitmore of Wm. Iowa, has been elected to the office of that state. Mr. and Mrs. We are well know here, the having been Mrs. Carrie Hook her marriage to Mr. Whitmore.

ing in neckwear for Christmas at Webb's.

Arthur J. Bartlett, manager of Lod Farm, Lake Villa owned by Ehmman, has just returned from that Mid West Poultry show held in Coleseum, Chicago, this week. He four White Holland Turkeys in competition there and won two firsts and two seconds. Mr. Bartlett also purchased the champion White Holland cock bird, which weighed forty pounds and he believes they now have on the Longwood White Holland turkeys, which second to none. They intend to eggs for hatching this coming season.

ably the Truest Form of Love. There is a love which can find its expression in sympathy and all happiness in understanding.—John R. Hobbes.

Notice

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me are requested to call and settle accounts before Jan. 1, 1915. J. R. Cribb.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Evert Knight Hester, Minister. The services for next Sunday will be as follows:

10:30 a. m.—Public Worship and sermon by the minister. Five minute Christmas sermon to the children. All children invited. Commissioning of new members.

11:45 Sunday school and Adult Bible classes.

12:00 m. Canvass of parish by teams of canvassers.

6:30 p. m.—Epworth League, Christmas program and roll call. Mrs. Ziegler, leader.

7:30 p. m.—Evening service of praise and worship. Reports from canvassers.

Mid week service of prayer, praise and fellowship, Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Sunday school Christmas celebration Thursday evening. Christmas services on Christmas morning at 9:30 o'clock. Special music by the choir and sermon by the minister.

Let us celebrate in an appropriate service the Birthday of Christ. A most cordial invitation to the public.

Boy's skates, at Webb's.

Only one more week to do your Christmas shopping.

Geo. Gollwitzer was in Chicago Monday on business.

Twenty per cent discount on stoves and tinware at Hunt's.

Archie Mapthorp has accepted a position at Hillebrand's store.

Miss Lucille Webb is spending this week with her sister in Chicago.

The thermometer stood 7 below zero Monday morning and 8 below on Tuesday morning.

With this issue we wish you a Merry Christmas and a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Frank Frost of Chicago was the guest of J. J. Morley the fore part of the week.

Miss Pearl Filweber returned Tuesday after spending several days with Waukegan friends.

Roy Pittman of Chetek, Wis., spent a couple of days the last of last week with friends here.

F. O. Hester, teacher of Mathematics in the Land Technical school, Chicago, visited with his brother, the Rev. E. K. Hester, Saturday.

Fancy suspenders, at Webb's.

Mrs. Gordon Seay of Roanoke, Va., is visiting her sister Mrs. J. C. James, she was accompanied by her niece Louise Dewitt, who will spend the winter here.

One of the decisions rendered by the Supreme Court Wednesday, which is of especial interest in this vicinity is the case of Cook vs. the School Board of Libertyville, in which it ruled that the board must pay high school tuition.

We have received a generous response to our call for subscriptions before the first of January, but there are quite a few yet who by paying up before the first of the New Year will not only save themselves fifty cents, but will help to gladden the heart of the editor.

Silk mufflers, just the thing, at Webb's.

Dr. Barber, Optician and Optometrist is in Antioch every two weeks at the residence of H. J. Barber. His next date is Thursday, Dec. 24. Office hours from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. If you are troubled with headache have him examine your eyes. Get your glasses of Dr. Barber as he is an experienced optician.

Silk lined gloves for Christmas at Webb's.

After an illness which has caused me a four months absence from my business here in Antioch. I am once more on the job, and I cordially invite many new patrons as well as old ones to call and inspect my stock of shoes before making their purchases. With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. F. H. Rhodes.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NOS. 2, 3, 4 and 5

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement.

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main street, Depot street (so called), Spafford street and Ida avenue in the Village of Antioch, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgment on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is \$4,901.01.

The amount of the first installment is \$2,101.01 and the amount of each succeeding installment is \$1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1914, to the second of January 1915, and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof. Dated this 16th day of December, A. D. 1914.

W. F. Ziegler, Village Collector.

To Keep Stoppers From Sticking. A very little glycerin smeared around the glass stoppers of bottles will keep them from sticking for a long time.

When Talk Begins. Hostess—"People are very dull tonight, Adolph. I really can't get them to talk." Host—"Play something, dearest."—Judy.

Fur caps all sizes at Webb's.

Andrew Harrison spent Monday in Waukegan.

Mrs. Jennie Sanborn was a Chicago visitor Friday.

How about a power washer for a Christmas present. F. J. Hunt.

Miss Nellie Ryan left Tuesday for a two week's visit with relatives in Missouri.

Twenty young people from town were entertained at the home of Miss Lucille Webb. A fine time is reported by all.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Watson spent Tuesday at Templeton, Wis., where they joined with other members of the family in celebrating the sixty-first wedding anniversary of Mr. Watson's parents.

For the next thirty days I will give from thirty-five to fifty cents worth of goods for twenty-five cents. It will be to your interest to investigate. F. G. Hooper.

Webb has all kinds of Christmas ties.

The cold weather and snow of the past week is heartily welcomed as it is hoped that it will do much toward preventing a further spread of the hoof and mouth disease among the Lake county herds.

Land Lost Through Erosion.

The amount of erosion going on in this world is something astonishing. The Mississippi has stolen by erosion from the different states through which it runs enough territory to make of itself a small state.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

All advertisements inserted under this head at the following rates: Five lines or less, 25 cents for first insertion, 15 cents for each subsequent insertion. More than five lines, 5 cents a line for first insertion, and 3 cents a line for additional insertions.

LOST—A goose, in a bag, between Lightner's Corners and Antioch. Leave same here or notify this office.

FOR SALE—Good eating and keeping potatoes at 65c per bushel. Phone Wilmet 341.

LOST—A pair of gold bow rimless spectacles on Tuesday morning. Finder please leave at News office.

WANTED—Work by the day on near-by farm or in the village. Phone 362 Antioch.

FOR SALE—280 acres, 45 miles north of Chicago, Lake county, Ill. Ideal dairy or stock farm. Should be seen to be appreciated. An estate can be bought worth the money. (No agents.) H. E. Boyd, Libertyville, Ill.

FOR SALE—Desirable resident property at Libertyville, Ill., also Area, Ill., at a bargain. Also a few vacant lots, well located. Cheap for cash. H. D. Boyd, Libertyville, Ill.

For Sale—Six room cottage with two lots 100x36, on Petite Lake. Price \$2,000. Inquire at this office.

WANTED—A cottage on Lake Catherine or Channel lake. Cottage must be good size and if there is not barn on lot there must be room for building one. Anyone having such property for sale please notify this office.

FOR SALE—One of the best 100 acre farms in Lake Villa town. Good buildings, water, fruit and berries and land first class. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—An 8-room furnished cottage, 5 rooms finished, at Beach Grove. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—A 8 room house and 4 acres of land in village of Antioch, will be sold cheap if take at once. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—A seven acre chicken farm. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—House and lot in Village of Antioch. House with modern conveniences, lot 100x140, with garden and barn. Inquire at this office.

Official List of Transfers

FURNISHED BY
Lake County Title and Trust Co.
Abstracts of Title. Titles Guaranteed.
WAUKEGAN - ILLINOIS

Joseph Wilmington to Alex Tweed lots 3, 4, 5 and 13; Tweed and Wilmington's sub Fox Lake q c \$ 1 00

John Herbes and wife to Lucy Wegener 40 acres in sec 33 34, Grant Twp w d 2000 00

F K Parke, to C M Stevens w 80 acs of N E 1 sec 15 Grant twp w d 10 00

W B Walrath and wf to C F Thrun and wf lot 104, Shaw's sub Fox Lake w d \$200 00

Betty Hostmyer to John Dowell lot 32, blk 10, Village of Grayslake w d 1000 00

Daily Optimistic Thought.
Truth may be smothered but not extinguished.

News to Advance Price

On account of the advance in price of paper, ink, etc., and in fact, everything that goes to make up a newspaper, we will, on and after January first, 1915, be obliged to raise the price of The News to \$1.50 per year, an advance of fifty cents per year over the old rate. At the same time that we advance the price, we will also double our efforts in getting out a first class, newsy paper, and will, we feel sure succeed in giving the money's worth of reading matter, as well as satisfaction to each and every one of our subscribers.

Before the new rate become effective we make the following offer: To any new subscriber who enters their name on our list prior to January first next, we will for one year accept the present rate, \$1.00. Or any of our old subscribers who pay up all arrearages and one year in advance, before the first of January, 1915, will also come under the old rate. Any one paying after the first of the year will be charged the new rate of \$1.50.

Endorsed by the R. D. Carriers all over the U. S. Manufactured only by The James Specialty Co., Antioch, Ill.

THE ONLY
R. D. MAIL BOX
SIGNAL
THAT WILL FIT
ANY R. D. MAIL BOX

The P. O. Department
Says: EVERY R.
D. MAIL BOX MUST
HAVE A SIGNAL.

The flag is bent at right-angles so it can be seen from any direction

Worse.
"Do you suppose it's such a very bad thing to be sarcastic?" "Not nearly so bad as to think you are and not be so."

Requires Time to Mature.
Until the pearl oyster is six or seven years of age it does not produce any pearls.

BUY IT TO-DAY

300 PICTURES
250
300 PAGES
300 ARTICLES
POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE
For Father and Son
AND ALL THE FAMILY

Two and a half million readers find it of absorbing interest. Everything in it is written so you can understand it. We sell 400,000 copies every month without giving premiums and have no solicitors. Any newsdealer will show you a copy; or write the publisher for free sample—a postal will do.

\$1.50 A YEAR 15c A COPY
Popular Mechanics Magazine
6 No. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. Munn & Co., 354 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

Electric Appliances

for
Christmas

Portable lamps, chafing dishes, grills, toasters, curling irons, shaving mugs, tea kettles, irons, washing machines and many other articles at

Attractive Prices
Display Rooms at Waukegan
Public Service Co.
of Northern Illinois

INGALLS BROS.

Waukegan
OPTOMETRISTS
Graduates of McCormick
OPTICAL COLLEGE

EYES TESTED GLASSES FITTED
ARTIFICIAL EYES

THIS IS IT!
USE
A-B
STOVE POLISH
QUICKLY EASY
SOLD EVERYWHERE
A-B POLISH CO.
1515 HADDON AVE.
CHICAGO

BANK OF ANTIOCH

EDWARD BROOK
BANKER

Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business

J. C. JAMES,
UNDERTAKER

LICENSED EMBALMER
Licensed by the State Board of Health

Lotus Camp No. 557 M. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome. ED. GARRETT, V. C. J. C. James, Clerk

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.

Loan and Diamond Brokers
Number 24 North Dearborn St.
Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewelry at less than cost. At half the price you pay regular stores. Dec 19 01 71

SPOUIT LODGE No. 27, A. F. & A. M., hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome. FRANK HUBER, Sec'y.

ELMER BROOK, W. M.
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. IDA OSMOND, W. M. Gertrude Brook, Sec'y.

L. G. STRANG

Licensed Embalmer
and
Funeral Directors

ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS

Phone 311
Also Farmer's Line

RHEUMATIC SUFFERER'S GIVEN QUICK RELIEF

Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles. It goes right to the spot, stops the aches and pains and makes life worth living. Get a bottle of "5-Drops" today. A booklet with each bottle gives full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. Any druggist can supply you. If you live too far from a drug store send One Dollar to Swanson Rheumatic Care Co., Newark, N. J., and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be promptly shipped.

You Know
The Place

The store with the big stock
that has been doing business with
Lake County for 57 years.

Thousands of things for Christmas,
Birthdays, Anniversary and other days.
The very best in quality at lowest prices.

INGALLS BROS.

Waukegan, Ill.

Jewelers & Opticians



The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"I did not see the register at the inn. I did not know till afterwards that we were not booked. Once upstairs, I refused to remove my hat or my veil or my coat until he brought my friend to me. He pretended to be very angry over his friend's failure to be there beforehand, as he had promised. He ordered a supper served in the room. I did not eat anything. Somehow I was beginning to understand vaguely of course, but surely and bitterly, Mr. Wrاندall. Suddenly he threw of the mask.

"He coolly informed me that he knew the kind of a girl I was. I had been on the stage. He said it was no use trying to work the marriage game on him. He was too old a bird and too wise to fall for that. Those were his words. I was horrified, stunned. When I began to cry out in my turn, he laughed at me but swore he would marry me even at that if it were not for the fact that he was already married. I tried to leave the room. He held me. He kissed me a hundred times before I could break away. I tried to scream. A little later on when I was absolutely desperate, I—I smothered up the table. There was nothing else left for me to do. I struck at him. He fell back on the bed. I sprang out of the house—oh, hours and hours afterwards it seemed to me. I cannot tell you how long I stood there watching him. I was moved by fear."

Redmond Wrاندall held up his hand.

"We will spare you the rest, Miss Castleton," he said, his voice hoarse and unnatural. "There is no need to say more."

"You—you understand? You do believe me?" she cried.

He looked down at his wife's bowed head, and received no sign from her; then at the white, drawn faces of his children. They met his gaze and he read something in their eyes.

"I—I think your story is so convincing that we—we could not endure the shame of having it repeated to the world."

"I—I cannot ask you to forgive me, sir. I only ask you to believe me," she murmured brokenly. "I—I am sorry it had to be. God is my witness that there was no other way."

Mr. Carroll came to his feet. There were tears in his eyes.

"I think, Mr. Wrاندall, you will now appreciate my motives in—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Carroll, if I suggest that Miss Castleton does not require any defense at present," said Mr. Wrاندall stiffly. "Your motives were doubtless good. Will you be so good as to conduct us to a room where we may—may be alone for a short while?"

There was something tragic in the man's face. His son and daughter arose as if moved by an instinctive realization of a duty, and perhaps for the first time in their lives were submissive to an influence that had never quite recognized before—a father's unalterable right to command. For once in their lives they were meek in his presence. They stepped to his side and stood waiting, and neither of them spoke.

Mr. Wrاندall laid his hand heavily on his wife's shoulder. She started, looked up rather vacantly, and then arose without assistance. He did not make the mistake of offering to assist her. He knew too well that to ques-



"There Was Nothing Else Left for Me to Do."

tion her strength now would be but to invite weakness. She was strong. He knew her well.

She stood straight and firm for a few seconds, transfixing Hetty with a look that seemed to bore into the very soul of her, and then spoke.

"You ask us to be your judges?"

"I ask you to judge not me alone but—your son as well," said Hetty, meeting her look steadily. "You cannot pronounce me innocent without pronouncing him guilty. It will be hard."

Sara raised her head from her arms. "You know the way into my sitting-room, Leslie," she said, with singular directness. Then she arose and drew her figure to its full height. "Please

remember that it is I who am to be judged. Judge me as I have judged you. I am not asking for mercy."

Hetty impulsively threw her arms about the rigid figure, and swept a pleading look from one to the other of the four story-faced Wrاندalls.

They turned away without a word or a revealing look, and slowly moved off in the direction of the boudoir. They who remained behind stood still, motionless as statues. It was Vivian who opened the library door. She closed it after the others had passed through, and did not look behind.

Half an hour passed. Then the door was opened and the tall old man advanced into the room.

"We have found against my son, Miss Castleton," he said, his lips twitching. "He is not here to speak for himself, but he has already been judged. We, his family, apologize to you for what you have suffered from the conduct of one of us. Not one but all of us believe the story you have told. It must never be retold. We ask this of all of you. It is not in our hearts to thank Sara for shielding you, for her hand is still raised against us. We are fair and just. If you had come to us on that wretched night and told the story of my son's infamy, we, the Wrاندalls, would have stood between you and the law. This law could not have touched you then; it shall not touch you now. Our verdict, if you choose to call it that, is sealed. No man shall ever hear from the lips of a Wrاندall the smallest part of what has transpired here tonight. Mr. Carroll, you were right. We thank you for the counsel that led this unhappy girl to place herself in our hands."

"Oh, God, I thank thee—I thank thee!" burst from the lips of Sara Wrاندall. She strained Hetty to her breast.

"It is not for us to judge you, Sara," said Redmond Wrاندall, speaking with difficulty. "You are your own judge, and a harsh one you will find yourself. As for ourselves, we can only look upon your unspeakable design as the working of a temporarily deranged mind. You could never have carried it out. You are an honest woman. At the last you would have revolted, even with victory assured. Perhaps Leslie is the only one who has a real reverence against you in this matter. I am convinced that he loved Miss Castleton deeply. The worst hurt is his, and he has been your most devoted advocate during all the years of bitterness that has existed between you and us. You thought to play him a foul trick. You could not have carried it to the end. We leave you to pass judgment on yourself."

"I have already done so, Mr. Wrاندall," said Sara. "Have I not accused myself before you? Have I not confessed to the only crime that has been committed? I am not proud of myself, sir."

"You have hated us well." The crime you hold me guilty of was committed years ago. It was when I robbed you of your son. To this day I am the leper in your path. I may be forgiven for all else, but not for allowing Chas. Wrاندall to become the husband of Sebastian Gooch's daughter. That is the unpardonable sin."

Mr. Wrاندall was silent for a moment.

"You still are Sebastian Gooch's daughter," he said distinctly. "You can never be anything else."

She paled. "This last transaction proves it, you would say?"

"This last transaction, yes."

She looked about her with troubled, questioning eyes.

"I—I wonder if that can be true," she murmured, rather piteously. "Am I so different from the rest of you? Is the blood to blame?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll nervously. "Don't be silly, Sara, my child. That is not what Mr. Wrاندall means."

Wrاندall turned his face away.

"You loved as deeply as you hate, Sara," he said, with a curious twitching of his chin. "My son was your god. We are not insensible to that. Perhaps we have never realized until now the depth and breadth of your love for him. Love is a bitter judge of its enemies. It knows no mercy. It knows no reason. Hate may be conquered by love, but love cannot be conquered by hate. You had reason to hate my son. Instead you persisted in your love for him. We—we owe you something for that, Sara. We owe you a great deal more than I find myself able to express in words."

Leslie entered the room at this instant. He had his overcoat on and carried his gloves and hat in his hand.

"We are ready, father," he said thickly.

After a moment's hesitation, he crossed over to Hetty, who stood beside Sara.

"I—I can now understand why you refused to marry me, Miss Castleton," he said, in a queer, jerky manner. "Won't you let me say that I wish you all the happiness still to be found in this rather uneven world of ours?"

The crowning testimonial to an absolutely sincere ego!

CHAPTER XXII.

Renunciation.

On the third day after the singular trial of Hetty Castleton in Sara's library, young Mrs. Wrاندall's motor drew up in front of a lofty office building in lower Broadway. Its owner stepped down from the limousine and entered the building. A few moments later she walked briskly into the splendid offices of Wrاندall & Co., private bankers and steamship-owners. The clerks in the outer offices stared for a moment in significant surprise, and then bowed respectfully to the beautiful silent partner in the great concern.

It was the first time she had been seen in the offices since the tragic event that had served to make her a member of the firm. A boy at the information desk, somewhat impressed by her beauty and the trim elegance of her long black broad-tail coat, to say nothing of the dark eyes that



"What's This?" He Demanded, Sharply.

shone through the narrow veil, forgot the dignity of his office and went so far as to politely ask her who she wanted to see and "what name, please."

The senior clerk rushed forward and transfixed the new boy with a glare.

"A new boy, Mrs. Wrاندall," he made haste to explain. To the new boy's surprise, the visitor was conducted with much bowing and scraping into the private offices, where no one ventured except by special edict of the powers.

"Who was it?" he asked, in some awe, of a veteran stenographer who came up and sneered at him.

"Mrs. Chas. Wrاندall, you little simpleton," said she, and for once he failed to snap back.

It is of record that for nearly two whole days, he was polite to every visitor who approached him and was generally worth his salt.

Sara found herself in the close little room that once had been her husband's, but was now scrupulously held in reserve for her own use. Rather a waste of space, she felt as she looked about the office. The clerk dusted an easy chair and threw open the long unused desk near the window.

"We are very glad to see you here, madam," he said. "This room hasn't been used much, as you may observe. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She continued her critical survey of the room. Nothing had been changed since the days when she used to visit her husband here on occasions of rare social importance: such as calling to take him out to luncheon, or to see that he got safely home on rainy afternoons. The big picture of a steamship still hung on the wall across the room. Her own photograph, in a silver frame stood in one of the recesses of the desk. She observed that there was a clean white blotter there, too; but the ink wells appeared to be empty, if she was to judge by the look of chagrin on the clerk's face as he inspected them. Photographs of polo scenes in which Wrاندall was a prominent figure, hung about the walls, with two or three pictures of his favorite ponies, and one of a ragged gipsy girl with wonderful eyes, carrying a monkey in a crude wooden cage strapped to her back. On closer observation one would have recognized Sara's peculiarly gipsy-like features in the face of the girl, and then one would have noticed the caption written in red ink at the bottom of the photograph: "The Trumbull's Fancy Dress Ball, January 10, '07. Sara as Gipsy Mab."

With a start, Sara came out of her painful reverie. She passed her hand over her eyes, and seemed thereby to put the polite senior clerk back into the picture once more.

"No, thank you. Is Mr. Redmond Wrاندall down this afternoon?"

"He came in not ten minutes ago. Mr. Leslie Wrاندall is also here. Shall I tell Mr. Wrاندall you wish to see him?"

"You may tell him that I am here, if you please," she said.

"I am very sorry about the ink wells, madam," murmured the clerk. "We—we were not expecting—"

"Pray don't let it disturb you, Mr. Bancroft. I shall not use them today."

"They will be properly filled by tomorrow."

"Thank you."

He disappeared. She relaxed in the familiar, comfortable old leather-cushioned chair, and closed her eyes. There was a sharp little line between them, but it was hidden by the veil.

The door opened slowly and Redmond Wrاندall came into the room. She arose at once.

"This is—er—an unexpected pleasure, Sara," he said, perplexed and ill-at-ease. He stopped just inside the door he had been careful to close behind him, and did not offer her his hand.

"I came down to attend to some business, Mr. Wrاندall," she said.

"Business?" he repeated, staring.

She took note of the tired, haggard look in his eyes, and the tightly compressed lips.

"I intend to dispose of my entire interest in Wrاندall & Co.," she announced calmly.

He took a step forward, plainly startled by the declaration.

"What's this?" he demanded sharply.

"We may as well speak plainly, Mr. Wrاندall," she said. "You do not care to have me remain a member of the firm, nor do I blame you for feeling as you do about it. A year ago you offered to buy me out—or off, as I took it to be at the time. I had reasons then for not selling out to you. Today I am ready either to buy or to sell."

"You—you amaze me," he exclaimed.

"Does you offer of last December still stand?"

"I—I think we would better have Leslie in, Sara. This is most unexpected. I don't quite feel up to—"

"Have Leslie in by all means," she said, resuming her seat.

He hesitated a moment, opened his lips as if to speak, and then abruptly left the room.

Sara smiled.

Many minutes passed before the two Wrاندalls put in an appearance. She understood the delay. They were telephoning to certain legal advisers.

"What's this I hear, Sara?" demanded Leslie, extending his hand after a second's hesitation.

She shook hands with him, not listlessly but with the vigor born of nervousness.

"I don't know what you've heard," she said pointedly.

His slim fingers went searching for the end of his moustache.

"Why—why, about selling out to us," he stammered.

"I am willing to retire from the firm of Wrاندall & Co.," she said.

"Father says the business is as good as it was a year ago, but I don't agree with him," said the son, trying to look lugubrious.

"Then you don't care to repeat your original proposition?"

"Well, the way business has been falling off—"

"Perhaps you would prefer to sell out to me," she remarked quietly.

"Not at all!" he said quickly, with a surprised glance at his father. "We couldn't think of letting the business pass out of the Wrاندall name."

"You forget that my name is Wrاندall," she rejoined. "There would be no occasion to change the firm's name; merely its membership."

"Our original offer stands," said the senior Wrاندall stiffly. "We prefer to buy."

"And I to sell. Mr. Carroll will meet you tomorrow, gentlemen. He will represent me as usual. Our business as well as social relations are about to end, I suppose. My only regret is that I cannot further accommodate you by changing my name. Still you may live in hope that time may work even that wonder for you."

She arose. The two men regarded her in an aggrieved way for a moment.

"I have no real feeling of hostility toward you, Sara," said Leslie nervously. "In spite of all that you said the other night."

"I am afraid you don't mean that, deep down in your heart, Leslie," she said, with a queer little smile.

"But I do," he protested. "Hang it all, we live in a glass house ourselves, Sara. I dare say, in a way, I was quite as unpleasant as the rest of the family. You see, we just can't help being snobs. It's in us, that's all there is to it."

Mr. Wrاندall looked up from the floor, his gaze having dropped at the first outburst from his son's lips.

"We—we prefer to be friendly, Sara. If you will allow us—"

She laughed and the old gentleman stopped in the middle of his sentence.

"We can't be friends, Mr. Wrاندall," she said, suddenly serious. "The pretence would be a mockery. We are all better off if we allow our paths, our interests to diverge today."

"Perhaps you are right," said he, compressing his lips.

"I believe that Vivian and I could—but no! I won't go so far as to say that either. There is something genu-

ine about her. Strange to say, I have never disliked her."

"If you had made the slightest effort to like us, no doubt we could have—"

"My dear Mr. Wrاندall," she interrupted quickly, "I credit you with the desire to be fair and just to me. You have tried to like me. You have even deceived yourself at times. I—but why these gentle recriminations? We merely prolong an unfortunate contest between antagonistic natures, with no hope of genuine peace being established. I do not regret that I am your daughter-in-law, nor do I believe that you would regret it if I had not been the daughter of Sebastian Gooch."

"Your father was as little impressed with my son as I was with his daughter," said Redmond Wrاندall drily. "I am forced to confess that he was the better judge. We had the better of the bargain."

"I believe you mean it, Mr. Wrاندall," she said, a note of gratitude in her voice. "Good-bye, Mr. Carroll will see you tomorrow." She glanced quickly about the room. "I shall send for certain articles that are no longer required in conducting the business of Wrاندall & Co."

With a quaint little smile, she indicated the two photographs of herself.

"By Jove, Sara," burst out Leslie abruptly. "I wish you'd let me have that Gipsy Mab picture. I've always been dotty over it, don't you know. Ripping study."

Her lip curled slightly.

"As a matter of fact," he explained conclusively, "Chal often said he'd leave it to me when he died. In a joking way, of course, but I'm sure he meant it."

"You may have it, Leslie," she said slowly. It is doubtful if he correctly interpreted the movement of her head as she uttered the words.

"Thanks," said he. "I'll hang it in my den, if you don't object."

"We shall expect Mr. Carroll tomorrow, Sara," said his father, with an air of finality. "Good-bye. May I ask what plans you are making for the winter?"

"They are very indefinite."

"I say, Sara, why don't you get married?" asked Leslie, surveying the Gipsy Mab photograph with undisguised admiration as he held it at arm's length. "Ripping!" This to the picture.

She paused near the door to stare at him for a moment, unutterable scorn in her eyes.

"I've had a notion you were pretty keen about Brandy Booth," he went on amiably.

She caught her breath. There was an instant's hesitation on her part before she replied.

"You have never been very smart at making love guesses, Leslie," she said. "It's a trick you haven't acquired."

He laughed uncomfortably. "Neat stroke, that."

Following her into the corridor outside the offices, he pushed the elevator bell for her.

"I meant what I said, Sara," he remarked, somewhat doggedly. "You ought to get married. Chal didn't leave much for you to cherish. There's no reason why you should go on like

"Oh, Sara, how cold you are!"

She grasped them in her fondly stroked them, as if to warm them to the long, slim finger-gave the lie to Mrs. Coburn's, tions.

"I've been thinking all morning what you and Brandon propose me last night," said Sara, straight over the girl's head, the languorous, mysterious glow still in her eyes. "It is good of you both to me, but—"

"Now don't say 'but,' Sara, Hetty. 'We mean it, and you let us have our way.'"

"It would be splendid to have you all the time, dear; it would be wonderful to live with you as generously propose, but I can't. I must decline."

"And may I ask you to live with me?" demanded He sentfully.

"Because I love you so dearly, Sara."

THE END.

Pigeon Makes 700-Mile Trip

Thirteen-year-old Marion Olin Goldfield, Nev., is in her new Francisco home today, and so is according to a dispatch to the York Sun.

Dizzy is not a homer, but for ordinary pigeon it has an acute sense. It followed its little mistress all the 700 miles by train Goldfield to San Francisco, and to her home here. Marion kissed good-bye at Goldfield and then she looked out of the car window and there was Dizzy. She took it again and tossed it out more.

But the pigeon wouldn't go. When the Olin's got on the far Oakland, across the bay from Francisco, Dizzy alighted on the arm.

Island Paradise of Birds

On one little island in Gatun, formerly known as Lion Hill, the impounded waters of the Canal Zone, are more species of birds than in any one locality in the northern hemisphere. E. A. Goldman, biological survey, department of culture, in two short collecting trips to Panama has procured about different species, and it is estimated that a larger variety is to be found within the limits of the Canal Zone than in any one state in the United States—about 800.

In the neighborhood of Gatun, at Atlantic entrance of the Canal Zone, no less than 250 species have been found.

Good Ones.

"Do you want me to misrepresent the goods and say they are fine when they are not?" asked the new salesman.

"Yes," sternly answered the scrupulous dealer. "Always remember that our assets are your liabilities."

THE END.

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THE END.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pickering of Payson, Utah, are visiting relatives here.

P. R. Avery and A. Kaprie and M. Kaprie and their wives were shopping in Waukegan Friday.

Edward and Arthur Larson of Zion City visited their sister, Mrs. Poulton several days last week.

There was no school in the primary room Monday and Tuesday on account of the cold weather.

Messrs. Strang, Daniels, Carl Miller and Murrie attended a Masonic meeting at Wilmot, Saturday evening.

Several auto loads of our Masons and Eastern Stars and some visitors attended the Masonic installation at Millburn Wednesday night.

The Hamlin families and J. K. Cribb and wife attended the Hamlin-Smoak wedding at Antioch, Wednesday. The happy couple will make their home with the groom's parents until the completion of their fine new bungalow, after a short wedding trip.

RUSSELL

Miss Jessie Zander is visiting here.

Peter Nelson and Robert Nellis were in Chicago Tuesday.

There will be a Christmas entertainment at the Russell church.

James Gray had the misfortune to lose 3 valuable cows recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Oskins of Kenosha are spending some time with their son here.

Ben Schlosser has taken charge of the meat business. His many friends wish him success.

Miss Florence Powell returned to her home on Saturday after spending a week with Mrs. Schlosser.

Steve Cudahy has been taken to Kenosha hospital because of a bruise caused by a flying spike while at work on the rail road.

HICKORY

Ed Wells spent Friday in Waukegan.

T. Petersen's entertained company from Burlington Sunday.

Edith Pickles is visiting in Antioch with her sister, Mrs. Wilbur Hunter.

Mrs. Mann returned to her home in Hebron after visiting the past two weeks with her daughter Mrs. Savage.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 23, there will be a Christmas entertainment at the Hickory church, given by the Hickory school. Everyone invited. Old Santa will be there.

BRISTOL

Miss Maude Vincent of Wilmot was here over Sunday.

D. M. Griffiths made a business trip to Kenosha Tuesday.

Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Brown were Kenosha shoppers Monday.

Miss Margaret Hartwig of Kenosha spent Sunday at her home here.

Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Bishop were Kenosha visitors last Wednesday.

Geo. Bryant and wife entertained the Midnight club last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Stonebraker gave an "Old Time Dance" to a number of their friends last Friday evening.

Don't forget the third number on the Lyceum course to be given in the Bristol hall Saturday night.

SILVER LAKE

Oliver Mathews called here Sunday.

Wm. Schultz and wife were here Friday.

Dewitt Dixon and wife visited at Salem Sunday.

School closes this Friday for a two weeks vacation.

Mrs. Bibler returned to her home in Rochester, Saturday.

Mrs. A. Mathews and daughter spent Thursday in Burlington.

Always Unprofitable.
In labor as in life, there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself.—Emerson.

Daily Thought.
Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds.—Colton.

WILMOT

Mrs. Sadie Winchell is on the sick list.

Paul Forbrick of Antioch spent Friday here.

Ben Nett took dinner at the Lenz home Sunday.

Miss Edith Dean was a Kenosha shopper Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Volbrecht visited Sunday at Bassett Station.

Mr. Peterson and Bill Helm spent Sunday at Hebron.

Miss Leah Kennedy had dental work done in Antioch Friday.

Chas. Buckley left Monday for Chicago to work for the winter.

Mrs. Gardner celebrated her 80th birthday, Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobyns and son of Trevor spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Buckley and Mrs. Smith were Chicago shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. R. C. Shotliff entertained company from out of town Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Volbrecht is entertaining company from out of town.

Miss Grace Carey had dental work done in Burlington Thursday.

The Misses Ada and Edith Dean were Silverlake visitors Sunday.

Geo. O'Mally and Chas. Dean of Silverlake spent Sunday at home.

A number from here attended the play at Richmond Saturday evening.

Mr. Shales and daughter left Thursday for a few days visit in Chicago.

Mr. Motly arrived home Monday from Sharon, after a few days visit there.

Quite a few from out of town attended the basket ball game here Saturday.

Fred Faulkner and wife attended the funeral of Mr. Westlake, Sunday at Spring Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Westlake have been staying at Spring Grove the past week caring for Mr. Westlake.

SALEM

Al Dibble and A. Burdick are shearing sheep in Indiana.

Extra work has been done on the ice plant at Paddock's Lake.

Mrs. C. Deppe entertained friends Saturday in honor of her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and daughter spent Sunday at A. Burdick's.

Winter has come the thermometer registered ten below zero here Monday.

Mrs. G. Smith of Galesburg, Ill., came to attend the funeral of Mrs. Bassett.

Mrs. Julia Johnson is on the sick list. L. Tewes was out from Waukegan over Sunday.

Misses Olive Hope and E. Burns will leave for their homes Friday for a two weeks vacation.

The annual dinner given at the Tewes boarding house last week was well attended, over \$60 was taken in.

Mrs. Adeline Bassett died Saturday after a long illness of cancer. Her funeral was held at the M. E. church Tuesday.

TREVOR

Mrs. H. Lubeno was shopping in Chicago Saturday.

Frank Stewart spent Sunday with her sister here.

Joe Smith and wife spent Saturday in Burlington.

Tom Flemming transacted business Kenosha Friday.

Gilbert Hartnell and wife of Channell visited here Sunday.

Misses Scott and Taylor did Xmas shopping in Kenosha Saturday.

Mrs. Kennedy spent the first of the week with her daughter in Wilmot.

Jake Drom and wife spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Webb at Union Grove.

An Optimist.

When you hand a lemon to an optimist he will dig up a little sugar and a little something else and a little hot water and make himself comfortable.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fine Fishing.

Small Boy—Good fishin' Yessir; ye go down that private road till ye come to th' sign "Trespassers will be prosecuted;" cross th' field with th' bull in it an' ye'll see a sign "No fishin' allowed."—That's It.—Life.

St. Nick in the City

By GEORGE JAY SMITH

T WAS the night before Christmas, and through the apartment the rooms were so still you could hear how your heart went.

The janitor banked all the fires ere he slept. And the heaters no more hissed and hammered and wept.

The stockings were hung by the steam-pipes with care. In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

And in their small bed, in a room eight by ten,

The children dreamed Christmas had dawned once again.

And now on the roof from his air-sleigh alighted

Dear Jolly St. Nick, who no good child ever alighted.

He turned off the sparkler and slowed down the motor—

His reindeer he'd sold for a new auto-floater—



And then looked around for a chimney to enter.

And seeing but one let himself down the center.

'Twas a pretty tight fit for a saint of his size.

And the soot made him smutty and got in his eyes.

But when used to flying one won't mind a flue.

So he kept on a sliding that long chimney through.

Then he paused, for the dolls in his pack shrieked "You'll burn us!"

Alas! he's arrived at the steam-heating furnace!

In fright all the Teddy-bears squeaked out in chorus.

"A too warm reception! What fate is before us?"

The toy cars and engines all rattled and bumped.

The little cows and lambs moored and bleated and jumped.

"A pretty scrape, this!" said St. Nick; "but before giving up let me see if I can't force the door."

Happy thought, for the door opened outward with ease.

And he wriggled right through, as neat as you please!

Then he rushed up the steps to the hall—

Way above

And stopped at each door where lived children to love.

And selecting their gifts, whether useful or handsome



He hurled them with skill right in through the transom;

And what is most strange—all untruths I think shocking—

A lot of them landed in each small one's stocking!

At length to the flats next the roof he ascended.

Where he paused when his last distribution was ended.

And, laying his finger aside of his nose, and winking one eye, he struck a gay pose.

And burst into laughter that shook his round belly—

You remember, of course—like a bowlful of jelly:

"Apartment-house architects truly are clever.

But can they contrive to keep me out? Never!"

Then he climbed to the roof, sniffed the air, made a dash,

Bounced into his sleigh, and was off like a flash!

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The Christmas Stocking.

St. Nicholas seems to have been the original of our Santa Claus. He was the bishop of Myra about the year 300 and was very popular because of his good deeds and kindness, especially to children, whose patron saint he is supposed to be. An old legend says that he wished to secretly bestow a gift upon an old nobleman who, though poor, did not want anyone to know of his poverty. When the good bishop reached the house he saw the old gentleman asleep by the fire, so he climbed to the top of the chimney and dropped his gift into it, thinking it would fall on the hearth. But it happened that the money fell into one of the old gentleman's stockings, which his daughter had hung up to dry, where it was found and used as a dowry for his eldest daughter. And the story goes on to say that St. Nicholas never failed to put a gift in the stockings which were hung up for him thereafter when a daughter of the house was to marry.

Fond Recollections.

"Speaking of old times," said a member of the Reminiscence club, "I can remember when a waiter would say 'Thank you' out loud for a 25-cent tip." "That's nothing," replied his companion. "I can remember when I would look at the list of dishes on a menu to see what I wanted instead of looking first at the prices to see what I could afford."

"Back" Is the Only Way She Talks.
"When yo' has a quah'ld wid yo' wife, do she pout and sulk or do she talk back, Brudder Rump?" "She talks back, sah! And sh' not on'y talks back, but she talks fr'nt'ards and sideways and across and endways and diag'nal and round and round, and den she comes all de way back and repeats hersef' Aw, yassah; she sho' talks back!"

Proper Carving.

In carv'g, ham and beef should be cut thin; pork, lamb, veal and mutton a little thicker. When carving a leg of mutton, take hold of the bone end with the left hand, then cut thin slices down to the bone and loosen each slice by putting the knife flat on the bare bone and cutting through. The slicing should gradually change direction slightly, so to always cut across the grain.

To Mend Celluloid.

Any article made of celluloid may be mended with collodion. Scratch the broken edges to be mended with a sharp knife until a smooth surface is secured. Apply the collodion and press tightly together for several minutes. Let stand for at least twenty-four hours. Liquid court plaster will answer as well, since the main ingredient is collodion.

Africa's Potential Wealth.

For its future industrial development Africa is remarkably fortunate. Already coal deposits to the value of more than three hundred million dollars have been discovered along the Cape to Cairo route, while more than five thousand waterfalls offer wonderful possibilities for the establishment of waterpower centers.

Mushroom Farm.

A mushroom farm in California consists of 600 square feet, the beds being in tiers in a basement. Although mushroom growing in the United States has assumed considerable proportions, the imports continue to be large.

How Is It With You?

When a man's growing boys are going a bit wild the old man holds the mother responsible for them and in conversation with her about them he alludes to them as "Those whoops of yours." But when they're nice, long-eared, goody-goody boys he refers to them as "My sons."—New York World.

Had Discovered That.

"How's the baby?" asked the neighbor of the new father. "Fine," said the proud parent. "Don't you find that a baby brightens up a household wonderfully?" pursued the friend. "Yes," said the parent, with a sigh, "we have the gas going most of the night now."—New York Globe.

Modern Statesman.

"You'll have some explaining to do when you got home, won't you?" "No," replied the member of congress. "I'm not going to explain. I'm going to let my constituents argue matters out among themselves and then take the side that seems to have the most advocates."—Washington Star.

Roosters' Immense Tail Feathers.

Undertaking to breed roosters with but one aim in view, that of lengthening the tail feathers, the natives of the island of Shikoku, Japan, have produced, after a hundred years of patient efforts, some marvelous results. It is of record that tail feathers 13 feet in length are to be seen on the island.

Mr. Pinkie's Grievance.

"I wouldn't c'nd no trouble wif de constable ner nobody," said Mr. Erastus Pinkie. "If it hadn't been for woman's love o' dress." "What has dress got to do with it?" asked the jailer. "My women folks warn't satisfied to eat de mos' of de chicken. Dey had to put de feathers in deir hats an' parade 'em as circumstantial evidence."—Washington Star.

Back Number.

"I wouldn't dream of marrying him. Why, he said he would do everything to make me happy." "What is wrong about that?" "He ought to know that humans are put on earth to fulfill missions, not to be happy."

Grim Wit of Douglas Jerrold.

Ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. If I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—Douglas Jerrold.

Inside About Long Lake

(Continued from page one)

from etherigan's and Benedict's friends. Parity he gave the deeds in the land syndicate, \$1.37 an acre.

Then on breezy Mr. Robson vanished; poor Mr. Ferguson dropped out. They didn't even stop for hotel office rent. The Benedict was at 5345 East End avenue and who owns a string of groceries at 350 East Forty seventh sat down to figure out their loss.

Friday Mr. Piet, walking through the jam of mas shoppers in a State street, spied Mr. Robson and grabbed not by the hand, but by the collar; he sent a cash boy after the police. Sergeant Kelly and Jockley escorted Robson to the Central station.

There Mr. Piet placed a charge of confidence against his erstwhile friend, Robson was put behind the bars, and his wife had been living at Lincoln apartments at 1015 North a street.

And what do you think? Robson isn't from Mader at all, and isn't a member of English syndicate, but merely a yend-eye glasses says the police.

But Morgan Benedict admit that maybe they do "speak."

In deference, Benedict however it is stated thus doing his best to make a satisfactory adjustment of the Long Lake matter.

Not Re Sentinels.

All animals, either quadrupeds or birds, that in herds are said to place sentinels on the outskirts of their party. It is, however, obvious that wherever there is a collection of animals feeding, lying down there will be members of the group at the corners who, in their very position, become "sentinels."

Crack Iron.

If there is an crack that shows on the kitchen rag, it can be filled up with a cement made by heating an egg, to which a dash. Work the paste smooth with press it into the crack. Smoother even with the iron surface. The paste will harden almost like iron, it will take a polish that will render the crack unnoticeable.

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